UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode #5.

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11:30 to 12:30 A.M. C.S.T. FEBRAURY 4, 1932. THURSDAY

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are with us today. We take you again to the open spaces, where Jim and Jerry are carrying on their work of protecting and managing the national forest. Jim Robbins is the Forest Ranger in charge of the Pine Cone District, and Jerry Quick is his new assistant who just arrived the first of this year, you remember, to learn what a forest ranger has to do and how he does it. Last week we were with them when they pulled a man's automobile out of the mud, but got small thanks for it. We find Jim and Jerry back at the Pine Cone Ranger Station today. Here they are:

(DOG BARKS)

JIM: Down, Rex. -- Get down. Can't a fellow go out in the barn a few minutes without having you jump all over him when he comes back? You'll wag that tail right off if you don't look out, old timer -- Oh, Bess.

BESS: Yes, Jim.

JIM: Any 'phone calls?

BESS: No. Expecting any?

JIM: Well, I sort of had a suspicion lately that Mike Bundy was up to something, so I asked Al Perkins to let me know if he saw him go past the camp today.

BESS: I wish Bundy would go 'way from here, Jim. I'm afraid he's got it in for you. Please be careful, won't you?

JIM: Don't worry, Bess. He's not so dangerous -- where's Jerry?

BESS: Why, he went down to the post office after the mail about half an hour ago.

JIM: Half an hour ago? (chuckles) I bet he's run onto the schoolma'm down there.

BESS: I wouldn't be a bit surprised.

JIM: And they've been standing there talking ever since.

BESS: Well, there isn't any girl around here I'd rather see him take up with, Jim.

JIM: No. They don't come any finer than Mary Halloway. But I don't want the young cub moping around here lovesick all the time. Too much work to be done.

BESS: Oh, now, Jim. The boy's lonesome, up here so far away from all his old friends.

JIM: Well, I suspect maybe he is. Hard work's the best cure for that that I know of, though.

BESS: But don't be too hard on him, Jim. It takes a little time to get used to this sort of work, you know.

JIM: I won't Bess. But sitting around dreaming about his fair lady won't thoughen him up any.

BESS: You should have seen yourself twenty years or so ago.

JIM: (Laughs) Say, why bring that up?

BESS: (giggles) You used to look so forlorn every time I couldn't go walking with you, I just had to feel sorry for you, Jim, in spite of myself.

JIM: Now, listen, Bess --

BESS: And I had to treat you real nice, or you'd look glum as an old buzzard. Just had to spoil you.

JIM: Well, I haven't been looking very glum lately, have I?

BESS: No. I've been spoiling you ever since.

JIM: Well, I must be in terrible shape after all this kind treatment.

BESS: Yes, but you're a pretty good man, Jim Robbins, in spite of the shape you're in.

JIM: (chuckles) I'll be good, Bess. Guess I can't complain about the way you've been treating me at that.

BESS: Here's Jerry now.

(SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR)

JERRY: Here's the mail, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Thanks, Jerry. Took you long enough to get it!

JERRY: Well, I had to wait a little while. It wasn't sorted yet.

JIM: Oh, I see. See anybody down there?

JERRY: Well - uh - nobody in particular.

JIM: That's too bad -- The schoolma'm wasn't there, huh?

JERRY: Well, yes -- Miss Halloway was there.

JIM: I sort of thought maybe she was. And you hurried right back. (Chuckles) - Well, let's see what's in the mail. -- Here's a letter for you, Bess. Looks like it's from Aunt Bertha. Her handwriting's getting a little shaky, poor old soul.

BESS: Thanks. Yes, this is from Bertha.

JIM: And here's a couple of bills. You take 'em, Bess. They make me feel depressed.

BESS: How about me?

JIM: (Chuckles) You? -- Well, you can spring them on me next time you figure I need a little punishment for my sins.

BESS: I don't think I'll have to wait long.

(PHONE RINGS)

JIM: Bet that's Al Perkins -- Pine Cone Ranger Station -- Oh --

BESS: (Whispers) Is it about Mike Bundy?

JIM: No -- (to phone again) I mean yes -- yes -- yes -- uh huh -- oh, that's all right. Good bye.

(CLICK OF PHONE RECEIVER HANGING UP)

BESS: Was it Al?

JIM: (Chuckles). No, that was just old Mrs. Moss down in the village ringing our number by mistake again. I thought she was going to take all day to tell me she gave the wrong ring.

BESS: She always does go in for long conversations.

JIM: (Chuckles) I guess she doesn't care much who she's talking to, just so she can do the talking. -- Well, let's see what the rest of the mail is. -- Here's the Service Bulletin. A little light reading for you tonight, Jerry.

JERRY: Thanks.

JIM: And here's a request for a special report, to be in the hands of the Supervisor by Monday, February 8th. Guess you'll have to postpone the light reading in favor of a little heavy writing, Jerry.

JERRY: What's the report about?

JIM: Camp ground improvements.

JERRY: But I'm not very familiar with that work yet.

JIM: You will be by the time we get the report written up.

(PHONE RINGS)

JIM: Maybe that's Al Perkins, this time. -- Pine Cone Ranger Station. -- Yeah, this is Jim. -- Oh, hello Al -- Where? -- Oh, yes. -- No, never mind, Al. Yeah, I know he's kind of mean, but we can handle him, I guess. Thanks, anyhow -- All right. -- Thanks, Al. Goodbye. (Sound of receiver hanging up) -- Get your coat and mittens, Jerry. We've got a little business to 'tend to up the road.

JERRY: All right. What is it?

JIM: Somebody's doing something he shouldn't.

BESS: Is it -- that man, Jim?

JIM: I s'pect it is, Bess.

BESS: Oh, do be careful, won't you, Jim?

JIM: Don't worry, Bess.

JERRY: Shall I take my gun along?

JIM: (Decisively) No.

JERRY: Uh - why?

JIM: Might go off. -- You can bring along your marking ax, though . -- Well now, look at old Rex sit up and take notice. Want to go along, Rex? -- (Dog Barks) -- Well, I reckon you can -- Come on. -- We'll be back in a little while, Bess.

BESS: Please be careful.

(SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING)

(FADEOUT - MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF AUTO MOTOR)

JIM: Guess we'd better leave the car here and walk the rest of the way.

JERRY: All right.

(SOUND OF MOTOR STOPS. SOUND OF AUTO DOOR CLOSING.)

(DOG BARKS)

JIM: Here, Rex. Hush up. You're supposed to keep quiet right now. -- Let's head up here through the timber.

JERRY: Okay.

JIM: Know your regulations about cutting timber without a permit, Jerry?

JERRY: That's covered by Regulation T-5, isn't it?

JIM: That's it. The one prohibiting "unauthorized cutting or destroying or removing of timber from the national forest".

JERRY: Is that what the trouble is?

JIM: May be!

JERRY: (enthusiastic) Let me make the arrest, will you?

JIM: Keep your shirt on, young fellow. We'll see later on whether we're going to put anybody under arrest or not. -- Come back here, Rex. That's the old boy. Stick to heel awhile. Rex, -- Wait a minute -- Listen. --

JERRY: What is it?

JIM: Hear that?

JERRY: Yeah. I hear it now.

JIM: Sounds like somebody's using an ax, doesn't it?

JERRY: Yeah. That's chopping all right.

JIM: It's over this way. Come on.

(PAUSE)

JERRY: (sotto voice) There he is.

(DOG GROWLS)

JIM: (undertone) Hush up, Rex.

JERRY: (undertone) Say, it's that fellow we pulled out of the mud last week -- the one who's been threatening to shoot you!

JIM: (undertone) Yes, it's Mike Bundy.

JERRY: (undertone) He sees us. Look, he's picking up a rifle. Why didn't you let me bring a gun?

JIM: I don't want any shooting. -- (calls) Hey there, Bundy -- Look at him hot-foot it for the road -- (calls) Hey, Bundy -- Making believe he doesn't hear us. (calls) Better wait a minute, Bundy -- Come on, Jerry, he's changed his mind about trying to sneak away.

JERRY: (undertone) Look out he don't take a shot at us.

JIM: He won't. (Dog growls) Here Rex, get to heel -- Well, Bundy, what are you up to now?

BUNDY: (surly) Nuthin'

JIM: Nothing, huh? Just looking around?

BUNDY: That's my business.

JIM: Sure. -- Haven't been cutting some poles by any chance, have you, Bundy?

(NO ANSWER)

JIM: Jerry, see if you can't find some fresh-cut poles hereabouts, will you?

JERRY: I'll look around, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: (sternly) Put that gun down, Bundy.

BUNDY: You guys better not --

JIM: That's all right. You just drop that gun.

BUNDY: I ain't lettin' nobody interfere in my business, see?

JIM: That all depends.

BUNDY: You gov'ment men are always tryin' to butt in on --

JIM: We're not interfering with any legitimate activity. If we allowed hit or miss cutting, where would our forest be?

BUNDY: That ain't no concern of mine.

JIM: Yes it is, Bundy, yours and everybody's else.

JERRY: (coming up) Mr. Robbins, there are some fresh cut trees just over there behind that clump of pines. And here's the ax they were cut with.

JIM: I'll just confiscate those poles. -- Your ax, Bundy?

BUNDY: S'posin' it is?

JIM: Now look here, Bundy. You're going to make trouble around here just once too often. You know well enough there's no cutting allowed on this forest without a permit.

BUNDY: You ain't got nothing on me. (going off) Let's see you prove I done it.

JIM: (sternly) Jerry.

JERRY: (undertone - excited) Aw, let me jump him, Mr. Robbins. He'll get away.

JIM: That's all right. Let him go.

JERRY: But he says we can't prove anything. We oughta hold him!

JIM: Well, I reckon we could make out a case against him if we tried. But maybe Bundy'll lay low now -- for a while anyhow.

JERRY: Gee, I wish you'd've let me grab him. Why don't you have him locked up? That'd keep him from making trouble.

JIM: If he keeps on making trouble we might <u>have</u> to do that. But then -- I sort of have a feeling that most folks have a little good in them, Jerry, only sometimes it takes a lot of prodding to squeeze it out. -- Maybe old Bundy even has a little streak of good somewhere in his makeup, in spite of that sour old face of his.

JERRY: He certainly doesn't look like it.

JIM: No, he don't. -- But you never can tell, maybe we can get him cooperating with us one of these days. I'd sort of like to give him a chance to make up for his past mischief by doing good turns some day, - preaching the gospel of good forestry.

JERRY: I don't think there's much chance of him reforming and doing <u>that</u>!

JIM: Well, maybe not. But we'll give him a chance. I've seen tougher ones than Old Bundy swap ends over some trifling favor and become strong cooperators. (chuckles) I remember old Stutterin' Bachman down on Rapid Creek. He was the orneriest whelp you ever saw. Even burned off my pasture one fall and like to burned the Ranger Station. He hated the government and everybody that worked for it. Then along came a hard winter in '25 and old Stutterin's stock were starving. He had no money to buy hay, but I happened to have a little extra feed so I sent him word to come up and get a few loads and he could pay me back the next year. Since that he's been trying to be so helpful that he's a nuisance sometimes. -- You see, Jerry, I'm looking for the soft spot in Bundy and in the meantime we'll just keep a tight rein on him so he can't buck us too hard.

JERRY: Maybe that's the best way at that, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Worth trying, I reckon. -- Well, Jerry, let's make a few notes on the number and size of these poles Bundy cut, and put property notices on them.

JERRY: Okay, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Then I'll have to be getting back to the Station. Bess always worries when she knows I'm having dealings with Bundy. You'd better go on over to the timber sale area and mark trees for cutting the rest of this afternoon. You can ride in with Al Perkins this evening. -- Kinda take notice on your way which way Bundy's tracks lead out.

JERRY: All right. I'll go right after him.

JIM: But if you run into him again, keep your mouth shut, young fellow. I don't want you starting any arguments just yet.

JERRY: (slightly off) Yes sir.

(DOG BARKS)

JIM: Well, there, Rex, you want to be moving on, huh? All right, old boy, we'll head back home directly.

(FADEOUT)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

ANNOUNCER:

We leave our friends here. But they will be with us again next Thursday at this same hour, when we shall continue the story of Forest Ranger Jim, - and Jerry, his new assistant.

An immediate objective of the United States Forest Service is to prevent a permanent reduction of timber resources by providing for future crops of timber. On the national forests, therefore, the Rangers endeavor to develop continuous production by guarding against indiscriminate cutting, as well as against fire and other destructive agencies. As we follow our Ranger friends in their work we shall see what a big and interesting job this is.

"Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" is a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company in cooperation with the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.

The cast of today's episode was as follows:

Jim Robbins, Forest Ranger
Jerry Quick, Assistant Ranger
Bess Robbins, Jim's wife
Mike Bundy, poacher

er
January 25, 1932.